The bigboond *Warwicke* hath breathde his laſt,
And heauen this day hath ſmilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightſome day,
I ſee a blacke ſuſpitious cloude appeare
That will encounter with our glorious ſunne
Before he gaine his eaſefull weſterne beames,
I meane thoſe powers which the Queene hath got in *Fraunce*,
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. *Oxford* and *Sommerſet* are fled to her,
And tis likelie if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
Ed. We are aduertiſde by our louiug friends,
That they do holde their courſe towardes Tewxburie:
Thither will we, for willingneſſe rids way,
n d m e uerie coũ tie as we paſſe along,
Our ſtrengthes ſhall be augmented. Come, lets goe;
For if we ſlacke this faire bright Summers daie,
Sharpe Winters ſhowers will marre our hope for haie.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, & Sommerſet, with Drumme & Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome *Sommerſet* and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we ſpread our Sailes abroad:
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And *Warwicke* as our maine-Maſt ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt,
That beares the ſailes to bring vs vnto reſt.
And *Ned* and I as willing Pilots ſhould
For once with carefull mindes guide on the ſterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed vp our friendes.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there ſhould,
Amongſt vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the Battaile ioyne,
Leaſt he in time of need intiſe another,
And ſo withdraw the Souldiers harts from vs.

I will

3 from bottom 2 battels—

I will not ſtand alooſe and bid you fight,
But with my ſword preſſe in the thickeſt throngs,
And ſingle *Edward* from his ſtrongeſt guarde:
And hand to hand, enforce him for to yeelde,
Or leaue my bodie as witneſſe of my thoughtes.
Ox. Women and Children of ſo high reſolue?
And warriours faint, why twere perpetuall ſhame:
Oh braue young prince, thy noble Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee: long mayeſt thou liue,
To beare his Image, and to renew his glories.
Som. And he that turnes and flies when ſuch do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day,
Be hiſt and wondred at, if he ariſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lords, Duke *Edward* with a mightie power.
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you:
Ox. I thought it was his pollicie to take vs vnprouided,
but heere will we ſtand, and fight it to the death.

Enter king Edward, Cla. Glo. Haſt. and ſouldiers.

Ed. See brothers, yonder ſtands the thornie wood,
Which by gods aſiſtance and your proweſſe,
Shall with our swordes ere night, be cleane cut downe.
Quee. Lords, Knightes, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My teares gainſay: for as you ſee, I drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no more but this,
Henrie your king is priſoner in the Tower,
His land and all our friends are quite diſtreſt,
And yonder ſtands the Wolfe that makes all this.
Then on Gods name, Lords together crie, Saint *George*.
All. Saint *George* for *Lancaſter*.

Alarmes to the Battaile, Yorke flies, then the Chambers be diſcharged. Then enter the King, Cla. Glo. and the reſt, and make a great ſhout, and crie; For Yorke, for Yorke: and then the Queene is taken, the Prince, Oxford, and Sum. & then ſound, & enter all againe.